OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 17. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, February 15, 1912. Number 45.

Room At The Top

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is the work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad,
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience,
There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The farther along you get.

Keep your eyes on the goal, lad,
Never despair nor drop;
Be sure that your path leads upward:
There's always room at the top.
—Selected.

THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH.

By Evelyn Orchard.

Eustace Mellor was a prosperous man, as the world counts prosperity, but there came to his life, that curious sense of failure which sometimes stalks beside success, seeming to mock at its pretensions. It was aroused in Mellor by a short conversation to which he was compelled to listen in the train, as he made the short journey from London to his home in the suburbs on an ordinary working day.

It was the usual six o'clock non-stop train from Victoria to Croydon, and Mellor, having been detained outside the station by an importunate acquaintance was obliged to jump into a third-class compartment at the rear of the train, just as it was moving away from the platform.

This small incident irritated him momentarily, though he was not a bad-tempered man. He liked his comfort, and was fond of saying tnat he had earned it.

One swift glance took in his three fellow-passengers, one an elderly man with a samll black bag across his knees, such as is carried by the commercial traveller. He was already nodding over his paper, but the two at the other side of the compartment were talking earnestly, and not in particularly low tones. Mellor became aware, after he had dismissed them at a glance and spread out his early edition of the Standard, that were talking intimately, and with an absence of reserve which he contemptuously decided was characteristic of the travelling thirds. One was a man about Mellor's own age, which was forty-six. He was shabby in his dress, and undistinguished in his looks, but the expression of his face was singularly gentle, and his grey eyes, looking out from uuder the brim of his last year's hat, were both shrewd and kind.

He was leaning forward towards his vis-a-vis, who looked much younger, and had a worried, strained expression on his good-looking face.

"Don't you do it, Tom," said the elder of the two. "Man, it isn't worth it. One ounce of approval from your own conscience, the assurance that you haye served your God and turned a deaf ear to the devil's persuasion, is worth it all."

The words jarred and grated on Mellor, to whom they sounded not only vulgar but positively indecent. He could listen to a swear word, and even on occasion use it himself without a qualm; indeed, he might have said that there were frequent occasions in a man's business life when no other sort would fit the case, but this was different. Though the words were spoken with a sort of quiet and impressive earnestness, to him they sounded cheap an irreverent. That they could have any real vivid meaning or significance, he did not for a moment believe. But he listened with an eagerness which surprised himself for the other's answer. It was some little time of coming, and then the tone was low and rather muffled, so that Mellor had some little difficulty in catching the words.

"But don't you see, I'm in a beastly hole? I simply can't get out of it, and who is going to say it wasn't deliberately done?"

"Oh, people will believe, not at first, perhaps, but in the long run then."

"But what am I to do till the long run comes?" asked the youth doggedly. "It means that I'll be chucked, and my governor will kick me out of the house for it. Then there's my girl. We're only just engaged, and—and I've been waiting and working for her three years."

Meller, in spite of himself, glanced over the rim of his paper to see how the sactimonious menter would take this home-thrust. His sympathy was all with the young chap; he even felt a stirring at his heart prompting him to follow up a very slender clue and offer help. It was an astonishing moment for Eustace Mellor, the hard-headed man of the world, who had very little sentiment to spare, even for home use.

"Listen, lad," said the kind, rather tiend voice of the Mentor. "Life's a queer thing, and at the outset a man has a difficulty in laying hold of the things that matter. I've been through it, so I know. You can hold your tongue about what you've seen. There's nothing easier, but it would be the coward's way. It's your duty to speak up, and without waiting any longer. You're going to do it tomorrow, Tom."

"No I'm not," came quickly enough from Tom's lips. I'm beastly sure I'm not."

Mellor rustled his paper, and settling his pince-nez firmly on his nose. looked straight across, as much as to say that he was listening. But they paid no heed and the next minute he was struck by the mention of a name wiih which he was perfectly familiar; in fact, it was the name of his wife's brother.

"You don't know Danvers. He simply wouldn't believe such a thing could happen in his place. And I'm nearly sure he doesn't like me, and that the only result of my interference would be that I should be chucked forthwith. I'm nobody in the place, don't you see? And then where should I be? Who would take on when I am chucked from Danvers? Good city billets are not exactly going begging."

"Then you'll simply go on allowing your employers to be robbed, that's what it amounts to, Tom. Don't you see that by keeping silence you're tacitly countenancing what's wrong?"

"I see that if I put in my oar, I'm jolly well going to be ruined, Carter, and I'm not going to. I'm not going to. It oughtn't to be expected of any chap."

Once more did Mellor strain his ears for the Mentor's answer. It came after a moment, low and quite clearly, in language which Mellor had never heard out of church.

"Tom, this is your first chance since you took your stand. Are you going to be like Peter, and deny the Lord? Don't you remember your uplifting of soul over the text last night? Let me refresh your memory: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

After a moment he went on, quoting in a voice vibrating with his entense feeling:—

"There shall no evil befall thee. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against the stones."

"But will they pay my salary, and face the music at home? You know what my father is. I'll tell you what, Carter: I wish I'd never gone with you to that meeting. It was easier before. A man who has his way to make can't offord to be religious. I don't want to talk about it any more."

His voice was sullen, and he pulled a small book from his pocket and crouched in his corner, and made as if to shut his ears.

The Mentor continued to look out of the window at the swirling roofs of the great London, through which they were speeding towards its outer rim. Not an other word was spoken in the compartment until Croydon was reached, when they all alighted. Mellor's eyes met the Mentor's as they stepped out on the platform, and just for the fraction of a moment it seemed as if Mellor would speak. But, remembering how unusual a proceeding that would be, and how difficult he would find it to explain his motive, he pulled himself up and a trifle shamefacedly stepped forward to the stair. Out in the roadway, however, before he jumped into his waiting brougham, he stood still to watch what direction his fellow travelers took. They walked away towards the town, arm-in-arm. Mellor was not only interested: He was in some inexplicable and irritating way haunted by the recollection of what he had heard. There were the elements of tragedy contained in the few remarks to which he had been an unwilling listener. If he could possibly see his brother-in-law that evening, he might have mentioned the incident to him; but Danvers lived at Staines, and they did not meet very often. Mellor resolved, however, that he would try to make an appointment with him on the morrow, and casually try to fidd out something about the young man of the name of Tom.

Next morning he sent round a note to his brother-in-law's office at the Stock Exchange, asking him to lunch at the Cannon Street Hotel with him if he had no previous appointment. They were not very intimate. Danvers was a financial man, and immensely wealthy. But his standard was a little lower than Mellor's, and they did not just hit it off. How far jealously had to do with this we need not ask.

Danvers was his brother-in-law's junior by about eight years, but had far surpassed him in the race for wealth. Danvers, being free, accepted tne invitation, and the two men sat down together at a reserved table to enjoy a very excellent lunch and a talk. They looked typical examples of the successful city man. Danvers had a florid face, and a very steely blue eye which could occasionally flash rather alarming fire.

"All well at Croydon? Addie was saying only yesterday we didn't see much of one another as a family. Yes; we're all right, thank you. Business, too, going strong. Paraguay is going to pan out well, and you were a fool, Eustace, to shy back from it, Talking of Paraguay, I had rather an odd experience with one of my chaps this morning, name of Lockhart, a Scotchman of whom I had rather a goodish opinion. He came to my room asking a private word, and it was to warn me against somebody in the house not playing the game—making use of private information for a consideration, don't you know? Can't see how it could happen with us, and told him so. If he thought to curry favour with me, he was mistaken, that was all. Chucked him on the spot; only thing to do. I hate a sneak above everything, and when he wouldn't mention names, it was the limit. But something the chap said as he was leaving stuck my gizzard."

"What was it?" asked Mellor, in a voice so eager and interested that Danvers regarded him in momentary surprise.

"Can't recall it now; it was some canting religious phrase. He'll find he's made a hash of thing—that's all his high-class religion will do for him. Is it true Edith has decided on a Mayfair flat, and will run to it, old chap?" Mellor tried to be interested in the conversation, but his thoughts continued to dwell with an odd persistence on the issue of last night's incident in the train. Something kept him from telling it to his brother-in-law. He inwardly shrank from the derision with which he would receive it. But that evening, of a set purpose, he waited on the platform at Victoria in the hope of seeing the pair that had interested him the night before. A few moments before the train started, the Mentor appeared alone, which was signficant. After a brief struggle with himself, Mellor stepped forward.

"Perhaps you may remember I travelled with you last night. Will you come into my compartment? We shall be alone, I think. I want to speak to you."

The Mentor looked surprised, but, having nothing to fear, immediately acquiesced. When they were shut in together and the train began to move, Mellor spoke up with hesitation.

"I could not help overheraing the conversatian last night between you and the young man you call Tom. It interested me, and I was very sorry to hear today that he had been discharged from his employment."

Carter nooded, and an expression of pain flitted across his face.

"That has happened; but the loss and trouble will be only temporary. It was for conscience' sake he did it."

"It's a very nice question, Mr. Carter. My name is Mellor, at your service. But the world has generally only one name for the man who plays sneak and spy on his neighbours."

"He warned them well beforehand, sir. I am with him in what he did. It was what God required of him," answered the Menter simply.

"You really believe it, and that there are men who make the Bible their guide through life?"

"Many of them, thank God; though if there were more the world would be a better place for the maas," replied Carter quietly.

"It can't pay if you follow the teaching literally. Why, everything would be ruined if we took the Bible too literally!"

"You think so, sir? I am of a different opinion. If its spirit informed our business as well as our private lives we should not hear any more about our decadence as a nation."

"Eh, what? And we should be happier ourselves, perhaps. Would you say that, too?"

"Yes, without a moment's hesitation. Take my own case. I have had more sorrows than most men, and keener disappointments; but I am still able to lift my head and praise the Lord."

Mellor was silent a moment, a curious softness touching his cleancut features.

"You quoted a good deal of Scripture last night in support of your theory. I hunted through the Book, but I couldn't find the words you used. Where are they?"

"In the ninety-first psalm," answered Carter, much surprised, but also gratified.

Mellor made a note of it, and as the train slowed up at the station he looked steadily and a little sadly at his fellow-traveller.

"I'd like to feel as you. I've been a successful man; but there's something lacking. I'll—I'll go into this. Meanwhile, tell your young friend who is out for conscience' sake to call on me to-morrow morning at half-past ten. There's my card.

Sacrifice

By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M. D., C. M. G.

In thinking over this subject I have come to the conclusion that I do not know anything about it from experience.

If we gage the greatness of any human life by what it accomplishes, the life of Christ must always stand up before us as preeminent. Very often it is the question of the distance from which we look at things that makes us judge wrongly. A man puts a dollar so close to hiseyethat he shuts out everything.

People talk about sacrifice as tho to be a Christian meant asceticism, a conventional kind of unattractive religion that made the following of Jesus Christ so unattractive in the years gone by, and Heaven an equally unattractive place, where one had nothing to do. It is the opportunity to do something, to devote one's life to something, that attracts men to-day. My experience has been that if you offer the ordinary young man of to-day anything to do that is worth while, he does not talk about sacrifice. It can never be a sacrifice to be useful to God.

In one of the hospitals in Labrador there was a little blind boy, waiting to be operated upon for cataract. He used to sit in his cot with his hands outstretched, hoping that someone would come along and take hold of his hands- What he wanted was the touch of a human hand. A terrible sacrifice to give it, was it not? Would we rather be dancing, yachting or anything else, would we rather, for the sheer joy of it, give the touch of the human to another who hungers for it?

Once on the Norfolk Broads, while I was looking at the water, something bobbed up, and I heard a shout along the bank. I realized that there was a boy in the water. It was an easy thing to jump in, catch hold of the boy and swim with him to the bank. A terrible sacrifice, was it not? having the opportunity of saving another's life!

I often wonder what Jesus Christ is like and wants us to be like. We have many pictures of Him in robes and things that do not attract us, but give Him an effeminate look. We must think of Christ as the ideal manhood, and He wants us to be like Him. It is not enough to come to conclusions about Him we want to be like Him and do what He would want us to do. God wants us to be doing things for Him. Of course, we can not all do tho same things, If all the doctors were to go to Labrador who have volunteered, there would be enought to kill almost ever man in the place.

Remember: There is a place for you somewhere which God will make plain. I remember Dr. Hierson once saying a thing which interested me. He said if a turn of his hand would make every person in the room a foreign missionary he would not turn it. God shows men their corners. Some must stay in the summer heat; I would rather be in Labrador; the cold is no hardship to me. But what we must do, if we want to make the mos of life and make the most of ourselves in life, is to follow Jesus Christ.

It is a reasonable service, the service according to our reason—that the best thing a man can do is to enter Christ's service. You can say, I will not serve Jesus Christ, but you must admit that it is the best service in the the world: it is the happiest service. Jesus says, Be willing to do my will, and you shall know. Doubts will fly. Is there anything worth having that does not mean sacrifice? Can you think of anything on earth that is really worth while that does not mean giving up something else? It is very well to have things given to us. But you can not give a man the best things—honor, strenth, purity, love. These things must be won.

What we need is both the consecrated heart and the consecrated intellect—not the intellect only. The mind sees the fact that men who follow Christ have the best thing in the world, that men who are nearer to Him are better for being nearer, that men even who go near intellectually to examine and judge the Christ are judged by Him, but the heart must be touched, toudhed, that God's Spirit may come and dwell there and that we may love. Then where does sacrifice come in? When a man is in love, he will give all he has and it will not be any sacrifice. The love of God comes into our hearts to make us love Him as He loves men.

At Yale I saw a statue in honor of a Yale student, Horace Tracy Pitkin, a man who, when he was standing before his Chinese murderers as they were going to kill him, left a message to be taken back to his young wife and only child: "When my boy is old enough, send him out to fill my place."

This is the ward of the Apostle Paul: "So it is no longer I that live, but it is Christ who liveth in me; and as for my present earthly life, I am living it by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." Those words mean more to me than they did once. I want them to mean more still.

Heiress—"But father, the handsome foreign count says he will do something desperate and awful if I do not marry him."

Father (drily)—"He will. He will have to go to work."

When AndHow Character is Made

Youth is the time of life when character is made. Many young men deceive themselves with the idea that the careless life they are now living can be cast off as easily as a soiled garment. This is not true. You cannot do an evil act, or think an impure thought without being the worse all your life for having done so. Bad habits are readily formed. Wild oats are easily sown, but "What shall the harvest be?"—broken health and blasted hopes.

Have you ever noticed how an icicle is formed? One drop is frozen at a time. If the water is clear the icicle will be clear and sparkling; but if the water is impure and unclear the beauty of the icicle is spoiled.

You may have heard of a certain man that his word is as good as his bond. Such a reputation is worth a great deal. But you cannot make it in a minute. It grows with you. Some speak without thinking, and are not always careful to tell the truth. Everyone bears a reputation that is growing with them, either for good or otherwise.

Just so with influence. Every person in the world has influence for good or evil. Your determined stand for right and principle, whether in overcoming a hasty temper or keeping your temperance pledge, no matter how quietly it is done, makes a big and lasting impression. Be careful of your influence. Unknown to you, someone may be influenced by your influence and habits. See to it that your example is worthy of imitation.

A Tour of Self-Discovery

Sit down and take an inventory for yourself. If you are dissatisfied with what you are doing and think you ought to do better, try to discover, no matter how long it takes you, just [illegible] trouble lies. Find out the things that keep you back. Make long, searching tours of discovery in your own consciousness. Say to yourself over and over again, "Why can others do such remarkable things while I do ordinary, common things? Constantly ask yourself, "If others can do them, why cannot I?"

You may find some great nuggets of gold in these tours of self discovery, which you never dreamed you possessed—great possibilities of power which you never uncovered before, and which, may if developed, revolutionize your life.

Ohe of the fatal dangers of remaining a long time in one position, as a clerk, for example, is that habit tends to make slaves of us. What we did yesterday we are more likely to do today; and if we do it to day, it is still more certain that we will do it to-morrow; and, after a while, using the same faculties in a dry routine, the other, unused faculties begin to wane, grow weaker, atrophy, until to think that what we are doing is the only thing we can do.

What we use becomes stronger; what we do not use weaker; and we are likely to deceive ourselves in underrating the power we really possess.

Low aim is crime because it pulls down every other quality to its level. Low aim destroys the executive ability. The faculties and the entire man follow the aim. We must climb, or we must go down. There is no such thing as clinging forever upon one rung of Life's great ladder.

The road to home happiness lies over small stepping stones.

Acts, looks, words, steps, from the alphabet by which we may spell character.

Earth is our workhouse, and heaven is, or ought to be, our store house. Our chief business is to lap up treasures there. —Grynoeus.

Good actions are the invisible hinges of the doors of heaven. —V. Hugo.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES

How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent.

Our Club Rates.

Single Subscription.....$1.00 per year
5 to 10 Subscriptions....75 cts. per year
10 to 50 or more Subs....60 cts. per year
☞Send in your clubs.

Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

Owing to Sickness in the Home and the bad weather of the past few days, and the death of Earl Jackson, together with the sickness of Robert Turner (one of best printer boys.) We are compelled to print two issues of our paper in one. So the issues of 15th and 22nd will be a consolidated paper. Having no superintendent of printing, at this time, we think our boys are doing fine work, be patient with them good reader.

Our very good friend Mr. Geo. Allen of Raleigh never forgets us. He advises of having sent us 24 pecan trees of Curtis variety. 50 assorted peach trees, ten varieties, to replace those he sent us nearly ten years ago. A few plum, cherry, and pear trees: One hundred dew berry plants and 2000 strawberry plants. All these nut and fruit producing plants are gratefully received, and will have best attention.

The sudden changes and cold snaps we[illegible] month, has brought us some sickness among our children, and our Infirmary has a number of patients. Some of them with very bad colds, and we have four that are quite sick: Earl Jackson, Harley Carriker, Rink Smith and Francis Boyce have pneumonia. They are all reciving the best attention. We have Mrs Henry and Miss. Clark in charge of the patients, and Ruth Stanley and Fairy Hamilton are giving efficient help. Drs. Adams and McElwee are very attentive and we hope our patients will soon be on gaining ground. Since writing the above. Earl Jackson has passed away: The other patients are holding up well.

Mrs Jordon, the mother of Marguerte, Miriam, Annie and Claytor has been paying them a little visit, on her way to Chapel Hill N. C.

Our New Teacher for the 5th and 6th grades. Miss Chester from Gillwood N. C, arrived on last Monday.

Bettie Long (one of our old Barium girls) is making us a little visit, there is something about Barium that draws like a magnet, for all our children love to come back to the old place that holds so many pleasant associations.

Our Pastor Mr. Walsh left his leather leggings in the entry at church not long ago. One of the girls in cleaning up, came across them and exclaimed, "Now I wonder who left those music rolls here!" They do look like'em don't they?

We were glad to have a visit from John Carriker (one of our old boys) who is now a student at Davidson College. John has improved along all lines, and is a manly looking fellow, with an outcome in him.

The last snow storm chased us all the way from Chattanooga. We left on Friday morning and had a beautiful day, reaching Statesville two hours behind time, where we spent the night. Saturday was cloudy, and we see from the papers, that Chattanoogo was under four inches of snow. So we just missed it, as the weather was ideal during our stay in Chattanooga.

Another nurse, Miss Clark of Statesville, came on last Saturday, and her arrival was none too soon, as Mrs. Henry has been over-worked in the last week.

We hear the sizzling of the engine something we have not heard for nearly a month. It now looks as if we will print and laundry, with our own power after this week, and our printer boys and laundry girls, will be happy once more. We have not heard a note of song from our laundry for several, weeks and will gladly welcome these notes of joy from the regions below us. There is no music in stiring clothes with a big stick in an old iron pot.

We have just received the Premium list of "the Irdell County Poultry Association," which is dated to hold an exhibition at Statesville N. C. on Feb. 27th, 28th and 29th. We are glad to see so much interest manifested in raising poultry, all over the State. This means greater thrift in our homes, and better living. We are going to send a pen of Buff Plymouth Rocks and take our chance for a prize.

On Sunday afternoon at Little Joe's Church we had echoes from the great Laymans Convention in Chattanooga. Our editor told the story of the journey, the great gathering of great men who spoke to this meeting. And our Pastor Rev. W. M. Walsh told us of the wonderful things seen and heard there. Our boys who went, Jim Pope and Will Warlick, seemed to have been so full of the great meeting as to be speachless, but when they got with the boys with no grown ups to listen, they told a whole lot, and to say that they enjoyed every bit of it is a mild expression of their appreciation of the privilege, their friends at the home granted, in sending them to this great meeting of religious workers.

We thank brother J R Bridges of The Presbyterian Standard for his kind letter of sympathy in the trial through which our Institution is passing. A kind and sympathetic word is better than medicine.

COMPENSATION

WHAT matters it how long the day,
If, having done the best I could,
I look back at its close and say,
[illegible]ght some little good"?

What matters it how long the years,
If I shall know, when life is done,
Though wrought with toil and pain and tears,
The victory has been won?
Dyersbnrg, Tenn.

Marie Louise Moss.

Who Will Carry The Word.

This world is not a place
Where men can always play.
For work doth stare them in the face
And at their play they must not stay.

There is a land far oer the sea
Where heathen wait each day,
But still we sing, with-out one plea,
And prayers we make, that we might stay.
Dear Jesus may we hear thee say,
Tell men that never hear,d
And if by chance you can't to-day,
Will you prepare, to take the word.
Mamie E. Teal
Morven N. C. An old Barium girl.

Death of Mrs. Carrie S. Weddington.

Mrs. Carrie Sloan Weddington died at her home in Charlotte, N. C., Thursday night, Feb. 1st 1912.

She was 61 years old, Early in life she connected her-self with the church and spent a life of usefulness in God's service she is survived by her husband, Mr. Joe Y. Weddington. Her friends are numbered by the score, To know her was to love her. She was loved best by those who knew her best. Mrs. Jasper Gibson was a neice of Mrs. Weddington's but was unable to attend the funerel service owing to the accident of Mr. Gibson.

A Fact A Day

The area of Kentucky is forty thousand four hundred square miles.

The "Great Bible" of 1539-1541 was so called because its page measured thirteen and one quarter by seven and one half inches.

The tomtate is a West Indian fish.

Teas are classed as green or black, according to their color.

Mercury is the planet nearest the sun. It is only three times the size of our moon.

Light travels about 186,337 miles per second.

Nohair is made of the long, silky hair of the Angora of Asia Minor.

If men could only get what they ought to have, with money, there wouldn't be nearly so much scrambling for it.

A MEMORIAL OF EARL JACKRON.

Is it well with the child. 2nd Kings 4 26.

When the Shunemite woman came in haste to Elijah, he bade his servant ask her, "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?. Her simple answer was, "It is well." Her sublime faith seemed to grasp the thought that she had come to one, who had power with God, and that all was well. Let us grasp this lesson and appropriate the comfort of it in this time of trial and sorrow.

This cold winter weather has brought us sickness, and once more death has claimed one of our children, and this time a noble, promising boy, has been snatched from our happy group.

Earl Jackson was born on Aug. 25 1898, and died with pneumonia at Barium Home Feb. 14 1912 in the 14 year year of his age.

His father the late Walter [illegible] Jackson of Raleigh, N. C. [illegible] died Aug. 26, 1907. His mother Mrs. Rebecca Jackson, is still living at Fuqua Springs. N. C. On Sept 8th 1907 the three fatherless children Alma Earl and Percy were brought to Barium, and for nearly five years this has been their home. Many of the workers have learned to love these children as they do so many other fatherless ones, that appeal to them here.

Their father was well known in Raleigh as a news-paper man and could make himself useful in different parts of the work. The children all had their gifts, and Earl had expressed to the writer a desire, at some future day to study law, and it was my duty to speak encouragingly to him and urge him to cultivate his mind and heart so as to take whatever place the Lord opened for him in the world.

Our Heavenly Father had greater things for Earl Jackson than any earthly success. In the prime of his youth, he receives the last summons, and his mortal clay, is all we have left, except his life here, to tell us that he once lived and wrought at Barium Home.

He joined Little Joes church soon after Mr. Walker came to the home, and when he was taken ill about ten days ago he seemed to feel that he would not live; but while desiring to live, he gave no expression of fear, and we feel, that he has passed from a life of trial, into "the land of peace."

Our mysteries and our mercies lie very close together, there is no mystery without its mercy, no mercy without its mystery. It will take eternity to explain the why? of many a happening. It will only be when we meet those of our dear onos who died young. in the Eternal city, that we will realize why God took them, and let us creep on to old age with all its gathering infirmities before we joined them in the better country.

Not now, but in a higher better land,
Poor striken hearts may read and understand,
What ls mysterious here.
Our loved ones sleep, until the joyous day,
When from all eyes, all tears are wipped away,
Then have we vision clear.

In our little cemetary a t Barium, Earl Jackson now sleeps just beside Little Joe Gilland, and we doubt not, they have found each other as children of our home, in Emmanuels land.

A Boy's Religion

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a prayer-meeting or be a church officer or preacher, he can be a godly boy in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run jump, climb and yell just like a real boy. But in all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought not to use tobacco in any form, and should have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful and generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large ones. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And, above allthings, he ought now and then to show his colors. He should not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say he refuses to do something because he fears God, or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a hold statement that for things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—Exchange.

Our Enemies

Almost everyone has an enemy. All enemies are not equally savage and cruel. Many enmities grow out of little misunderstandings in social, commercial or political life. These small beginnings often become bitter feuds. How may one meet and overcome an enemy? By physical force and violence? This is one way—a very uncertain way. By ridicule and scorning? The best way is to meet him in love, and conquer him with kindness. Jesus said, "Love your enemies." Paul said, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Some brothers search out the weak members of the flock, not to share with them, but to shear them.

No matter how wise you are, there is bound to be somebody who thinks your ideas are foolish.

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Yours truly, Frank H. Fleer. [Signed]

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